#### WHEN THE MOON SMILED. BY ROBERT YULEE TOOMBS.

- The moon looked down with a wise old smile, A ghost picked a banjo and sang a song, The moon was old and had traveled, while The spock had not been a spook very long.
- He was a green spook, exceedingly fresh; He'd brought the latest slang, and wo
- In a dudish way that made the flesh Creep on the backs of the time-worn tomb
- And it tires a ghost, day after day,
  To listen to the fool talk overhead;
  It wearies one the very worst way
  When something sweet to one's old love is
  said.
- So the moon gazed down and smiled in glee;
  "There will be trouble before he is done;
  As I'm on time, in this forked tree,
  I'll rest half an hour and see the fun."
- Boon the air was filled with ghostly things
  Who rent and broke that player's bones,
  Busted his banjo and tangled the strings,
  And scattered his fragments among the stor
- They have trials enough, it seems to me. Mused the moon as she sailed on to the wost; A brass band, banjo or chiraviri Not even the dead can endure and rest. ATLANTA, Ga.

### THE BANKER'S CRIME

Diamond Cut Diamond.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

(CHAPTER XVI.-(Continued.) The place of meeting chanced to be deeply shadowed and lonesome. He could be as relentless and determined as death itself on occasion, and he would not have hesitated, under that supposition, to leap

that extreme measures would not be required. You seem strangely dispirited for one who has enjoyed himself," he said,

from his horse and clutch his prize at the

dagger's point or the muzzle of the re-

volver. But he was not long in deciding

I have not enjoyed myself. Boncourt, said Jasper, with a dogged air. "In the first place, I had barely stirred abroad before I was aware of my being watched. dogged, and shadowed by some sort of He may even now be lurking somewhere in the skirt of this wood, in spite of the lift I received. This convinces me that both Gilbert and Croak are determined to hunt me down, if possible, which is far from agreeable to think of.

Then my hope of tracking that missing paper this morning has vanished into air. I begin to feel myself powerless as well I wouldn't take it too much to heart,"

counseled the adventurer, preparing to ride on. "Your bad luck may change Then, as he was moving off, another thought occurred to him, and, halting ence more, he added:

By the way, that queer little lad of yours made his appearance at the lodge this morning, and I engaged him at

"He shouldn't have my recommendation a second time, the miserable little ingrate!" cried Jasper, with a sudden burst of anger that surprised Boncourt. "Curse the imp? He was only too glad to leave me, when I mentioned your offer, and only replied to my natural upbraidings by a string of oaths that would have disgraced a fish-woman." He shook his staff indignantly as he

spoke, and trudged off down the dusty road, while Boncourt continued on his way in a much easier frame of mind. As he approached The Beeches, he

saw Noel standing with several other young men on the terrace, and a single glance was confirmatory of what Jasper had averred in the matter of the missing

The young man had made a change in his costume, substituting for the dark, expensive garments it was his custom to wear at nearly all times a suit of lightgray material, and presumably leaving his papers in the inside pocket of his cont.

So Boncovrt, as well as Jasper, had had his excitement and uneasiness for his

However, the approach of the former had been observed from the terrace, and, though he had not yet succeeded in gain-ing a very familiar footing with Noel's aristocratic friends, it would hardly do fer him to turn back without affording

some excuse for his visit. He accordingly rode up, was welcomed cordially, and, after communicating to Noel a verbal message which he pretended to have brought from Adele, was requested to remain throughout the day. which he did, with but little profit, if with a good deal of the sort of enjoyment for which he had no especial care. We shall, therefore, find it more interesting for the present to return to Jasper Mar-

No sooner was he well separated from Boncourt, after their brief meeting on the road, than he paused and looked after the retreating horseman, with a sudden quieting of his manner that betokened not a little knowledge on his own part, though perhaps but newly acquired, in the art of dissimulation.

"Ah. Boncourt!" he muttered to him-

self: "you doubtless still deem me the weak, credialous creature that you knew of old, when it was not in your selfish into wrest the instrument of my rights and my vengeance from my hands. Last night's revelat on of your true nature was only wanting to warn me that you can only be met with your own weapons—heartlessness and deception! That alone would have sufficed me, even without the additional insight into your motives subsequently accorded me by the purest accident.

So your sister is to marry Noel, eh? And you would clinch the bargain, still not perfectly assured, and rivet your claims yet more hopelessly upon my guilty cousin, by cheating me out of my proof of his criminalty and my own innocence, would you? Well and good! We shall see wh ch of the two elements thus antagonistic will triumph in the end-just ce and truth, as represented by me, or the camester's sordid cupidity, as embodied in yourself. But how bitterly might you regret this change in your attitude to me, sould you guess the service I had designed rendering you, and which must now be deferred—perhaps never per-

He had turned and continued his jourwhile thus muttering to himself, and now suddenly brought his solitoday to an end, perceiving another foot-traveler making his way along the skirt of the

wood some distance in advance.

Jasper at once recognized the figure as that of a man whom he had noticed dogging his footsteps in the earlier morning, but resolved to keep his suspicions to

himself. He therefore quickened his pace, and

wished the fellow a cheery greeting upon evertaking him.
Of course it was Wormer, who, feeling secure in his disguise-which was that of a rough drover or rustic laborer-returned the greeting in the sally manner

characteristic of the lower classes of Cornishmen, but, nevertheless, betrayed no aversion to the chance companionship proffered. With an unsuspicious air, but secretly wary of the other's every movement, Jasper trudged along at his side, asking numerous questions pertaining to the coun-try through which they were passing, and receiving monosyllabic responses, for the

main part, until they reached the main street of Highcombe. Here he came to a pause, in the determination of giving the fellow a friendly hint at parting. "Be ye goon' so soon, maister?" said the p etended lout, with a sudden and enexpected display of interest. "Ye seem to be from furr.n pairts. Might a ax ye

may be, an' wheer froom, maister?"

"To be sure you may, my man!" replied the returned wanderer, eying him keen-ly. "I am from California, latterly, where it was more than once my luck to deal with would-be detectives, both professional and amateur. Your present line of ac-tion would by no means do you credit in

"A' doant conderstand ve, maister," was the grunted response, accompanied by a clownish scratch of the head.

"Oh, yes, you do! I don't know what your real character may be, but I do know that your whiskers are false, your face and hands imbrowned artificially and your rough clothes and brogans but assumed for the time being. So you had better keep right on toward Gilbert Marlowe's house, for which you are headed, and report to your employers the little rou've been able to extract from dogging my movements all the morning. May it do you as much good as your cowardly lurkings and spyings in Boncourt's gar-den last night!"

burst into a broad rustic laugh, but still clung to his assumed character, which, perhaps, he was too mortified and humiliated to relinquish on

the spot.

"Lor', but hoo ye do mistake maister!"
he exclaimed. "I'm noo moor a spyin'
creature than your sen. True eno', a' do

knaw the gret hoose o' the bainker, as who doant in Highcombe's pairts, but a niver dremmed o' gooin' theer, maister, but foorther doon the roodway."
"All the same, since that will take you to old Croak's office," said Jasper. He then turned impatiently away, while

the discomfited spy was left to seek his employers at his leisure; though not to give them the least inkling of his illsuccess in masquerading, we may be sure As for Jasper Marlowe, satisfied that his further movements would be freed of

espionage, at least for an hour or so, he moved off through the suburbs of the town, with a directness of action be-tokening him to have yet an object in view other than that in which he had thus His air was, nevertheless, that of a man

who is saddened and depressed. It and the unfriended. Croak merely saw might well be so with him; for even there you in prison, chanced to think of the in his native England, amid the scenes of his youth and early manhood, he felt nke a stranger in a strange land. he dared not make himself known to the many friends and acquaintances he had once had; for now, without the proofs of his innocence—dispossessed of that little bit of writing, which might almost be said to have vanished into air, he would be either ignored, or contemptuously recognized as one whose name was forever and foully darkened among men.

Worse fate than contumely might be in store for him, for he felt sure that, in having incurred the lasting alarm and resentment of men like Gilbert Marlowe and Lawyer Croak, there was now nothing that they would stop at in order to get rid of him and purchase the consciousness of safety for themselves.

He could only watch and wait and hope; he could for the present only strive to be strong and alert in his sufferings. They might conquer in the end, they might run him to earth at last, but he would contest with them inch by inch. determination he had finally come, and it nerved him for the struggle.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. BEANE. Jasper at length came to a steep and narrow lane, which as he entered it grad-ually led him down behind the rear walls of gardens that fronted on the main street of residences.

He thus presently reached the rear of Lawyer Croak's garden, which ran down steeply from the spot in it to which the reader has been introduced, forming a sort of unkempt, overgrown escarpment to the low wall edging on the secluded lane or rustic alley-way. Here he posted himself under a small tree opposite to a narrow gate in the wall, and waited expectantly.

In about twenty minutes the gate was cautiously opened, and an old woman peeped out, beckoning to him. It was the lawyer's housekeeper, and it was not with the air of a first rendezvous that Jasper approached her and was admitted inside the gate, where he remained standing with her under the steep bank.

From what you said this morning, I

looked for you earlier, "said Mrs. Beane, little snappishly. "But it is, maybe, best as it is. Master has had his noon-day meal, and Wormer left word that he would not be home to dinner.'

"I was unavoidably detained," said Jasper. Ever since my speaking with you at sunrise, I have been on the watch and move. Well, have you turned in your mind the matter I spoke of."

"Yes; but I haven't decided yet, sir," said the woman, uneasily. "Do you think, sir—could it look any way like betraying my master, if I were to render you the

"In no way whatever, since it does not concern him in the least. But I cannot understand your wonderful scrupulousness in regard to your master. notorious old villain, and you have ac-

knowledged that he treats you like a dog, T:ue-I work and slave here early and tate, and have for years, with no more thanks for the most part than curses, and sometimes blows. He has, besides, never given me any wages—only small coins occasionally tossed to me, as to a beggar -barely enough to keep me in the rags I wear.

"Truly a noble master!" "But I cannot forget what I owed hin in the past. I was on death's brink-I would have been hanged but for him!"

She said this in a hushed, solemn war.

and the strange, lurid look stood out for an instant from the ashen background of her wrinkled face.

"And now, if I should betray his confidence, in revenge for both his brutality and Wormer's," she went on, after a "he might place me back there again in that horrible position. Oh! only to recall it-the loathsome condemned cell in Newgate-the ever-present sentence hanging over me, crushing me down-the turnkey's visits-the swiftly lessening time-the live minutes of the hurrying hours! Ha! the recollection of this is the ceaseless nightmare of my life. And the idea of being thrust back into the reality of it! My master is pow-erful and revengeful. He says that I was saved by a mere oversight—by a quibble of the law—that he cen have me hanged yet, even after all these years, if he wants to. He often taunts me by saying so, just to see me tremble and

"He lies monstrously! He plays upon four ignorance—you distress yourself with needless terrors!" exclaimed Jasper, much affected by the intensity of emotion. "In tracking you to this place I necessarily informed myself, while in London, of that dark passage in your sareer—of your crime, your trial, your sonviction and sentence. Croak did nothing more than secure you a new trial. It was effected, with scarcely any exertion on his part, through the effort and sympathy of an acquaintance of his-a great and philanthropic London barrister named Eartwell At the new trial you were clearly proven to have killed the man solely in self-defense."

"I'd have done it anyway-I don't regret the smothering, not a bit of it!" burst out the woman in half-stifled, crackling tones, like muffled flames, and with

wild light again flickering through her rugged features. Nevertheless, it was all her doing-curses upon her head! He, my husband, was younger than I, but he would not have become drunken and lazy with dreaming and moaning of things beyond his st tion-he would not have trampled me under foot, but for her! Young as she was—a mere girl—she turned h s head and perverted his heart by her be uty, her witcheries, her laughing con-

descension! "Does it help matters to suppose that the did so careless'y, unconsciously? No. | at large.

no: the effect upon him, upon me, was none the less miserable, none the less fatal, in the end. Curse her! curse her! And yet you think the revenge I took was extravagant, cruel, unustifiable. Man, man, look upon my

And she wildly pushed back the still luxuriant hair from her temples, and hrust forward her passion-torn features

ander his gaze. Why is it wrinkled and aged before its time? Why is there no longer a linger-ing trace of the good looks that were once all-sufficient for him, when, as Boncourt's valet, he was all that was kind and good, until she flashed in between, with her laughing eyes and mocking lips? Ha! you can guess the cause. No, no; be earned his punishment, and he got it. though she alone was responsible, I repent me of nothing; the crushing dis-grace is all—that, and the groaning horror of those prison-haunted, gallows-shadowed recollections!"

He had made no effort to restrain this furious outburst, feeling that it must exhaust itself, and that no restraining effort would avail against it. He listened, with bowed head, in silence, and not without commiseration. It was only when she paused at last, panting and trembling, and leaned against the gate, with eyes and face lusterless and blanched once more, that be thought it worth while to look up again and resume. "You are so ill-governed; you should have let me finish what I was going to say," said he, mildly. "I merely wished to show you, first, that you are really in no wise indebted to your former master as you imagine, and as he would have you believe. In any case, with or without his lukewarm assistance, you must sooner or later have been accorded the new trial, which resulted in your ac-

quittal. "This I learned from Mr. Hartwell, whom I had to consult in pursuance of my tracing your whereatouts. He is a noble gentleman, and the presiding officer of a Prisoners' Aid Society that is constantly extending its humane efforts in behalf of the miserably circumstanced error under which you had been convicted, and brought the case to Mr. Hart-

well's notice. "His object is apparent. It obtained for him, gratuitously, a servant, a slave, a lifetime's drudge, whom he could overwork, kick, cuff, and anathematize at pleasure, in the chuckling consciousness that she would, nevertheless, continue to regard him as her rescuer, her guardian,

er benefactor."
"I never thought of this before," murmured Mrs. Beane, with just a glimmering of the flame look. "It must be so."

"It is so, I assure you. And as for his being able to thrust you back into your former ignominy-back under the gallows' shadow, from out of which he pretends to have so mysteriously snatched you-it is too preposterous for even a shild's consideration. No one can be tried on a charge of which an acquittal has been recorded in court. Your choice of language indicates an intelligence in advance of your position in life; I am astonished that you should have been so absurdly impressed with phantom

"I am not without education, sir; I was a child's governess in my early woman-hood," said Mrs. Beane, with a touch of pride, and it was evident that her compan on's ingenious words were having the effect for which they were intended.

"My master shall no longer treat me as he has been in the habit of doing. But this is not what you were intending to talk to me about. Ha! I remember. You proposed for me to make certain amends to forego my long revenge."
"I proposed that you should hold

yourself in readiness to do so, at my demand. In return, I promised you a competence—a sufficiency that would enable you to seek repose and ease in distant parts, where your history would be unknown.

"I remember -- I remember; but, as I said before, sir, I have not decided

"Listen. I may indefinitely defer my suddenly find that Boncourt is playing me false; I would, moreover, thoroughly assure myself that there is some deserving for the benefit I would have conferred. But I must have my contemplated boon at hand, in readiness for either be stowal or retention, as the case may be I must know whether I can certainly de-

pend upon your co-operation, and that without the least possible delay." "And my promised reward?" "It shall be yours within a month, whether I decide to make use of your or

not, if only I am assured of your willing-"Well, I am still undecided," muttered

Mrs. Beane, hesitating.
"Will it be safe for n.e to come here at dusk for your final answer?"
"It will not be safe. Either my master or Mr. Wormer is always at home then."

"You have told me that you sometimes go abroad after dusk. Can you then bring me my answer to my lodgings? I have two rooms over the butcher's, at the lower end of the street."

"Yes, I will come," said Mrs. Beane, after a long pause.
"Then I shall expect you. But be sure that Wormer does not suspect and track you. This terminating the interview, Jasper slipped out of the gate and sauntered

CHAPTER XVIIL AT JASMINE LODGE.

ıwaş.

On the following day, which was Tuesday, came off the entertainment which Boncourt and his sister had arranged for Noel Marlowe and his friends. It partook of the nature of a fete cham-

Jasmine Lodge was admirably fitted for an entertainment of this sort. The grounds were well kept, well shaded, with a glorious outlook upon the open sea in front, and affor ing a picturesque view back through the cliffs into the broken country at the rear, and there were beautifully shaded lawns, interspersed with shrubberies and parterres at

either end of the house.

Luncheon was laid at two o'clock, in open air, and the numerous guests were not long in enjoying themselves at the top of their bent. They were served by capable, alert, silent-footed French waiters, brought up from a London club house for this occasion only, with an entire disregard of expense. Everything pertaining to the repast was in the same expensive keeping, and there were addi-tional elements of luxury.

Directly across the greensward, between

the luncheon table and the house, was the entrance to the billiard rooms, backwards and forth from which the gentlemen could alternate and circulate at pleasure. On one side of this entrance, in a gayly canopied little booth, was stationed Maurice, Boncourt's accomplished body servent, engaged in dispensing wines, cordials, and ices as fast as called for by the waiters.

Directly across the entrance, and also canopied bravely in the open air, was a feature which doubtless constituted the chief novelty of the affair. This was nothing less than a neat little imitation of an American seaside minstrel booth or pavilion, and seated therein, preposterously costumed, with blackened face. and banjo upon his knees, was the latest addition to the Boncourt establishment; the boy, Dip, himself varying his duties with squeaking forth grotesque plantation melodies to his own accompaniment on the instrument's strings, out of which he extracted an unexpected amount of musical sounds, and with occasionally sk pping across the greensward, inter-vening between him and the table, for the purpose of cutting this or tla fantustic caper for the benefit of the guests

Yes; it was none other than Master Dipper who was furnishing the chief

novelty of the entertainment Not yet more then twenty-four hours in his new service, he had already suc-ceeded in thoroughly interesting Adele, nd rendering himself indispensable to Boncourt, by the manifestation of a versatility of attainments, as welcome as they were unexpected. No accomplish-ment of a bizarre nature had seemed to pe outside of his experience and his im-

itative ability. Both master and mistress had been charmed, more or less, the latter by his handiness about the house, and the former by his precocity in everything relating to sporting matters. And even the natural prejudices of the servants had been overcome in a manner that could hardly have been expected.

He had prompted Madame Ronceville, r, the interior floral decorations incidental to the present entertainment, with suggestions that had surprised and charmed her. He had given out, theretofore, occult points in gardening and horse-wisdom that had astonished the gardener and groom. He had inducted the cook into the mysteries of Mexican tortillas. and of a new condiment, chile colorado, which was at once voted as the superior of curry. He had be witched the house maids with odd, wild songs and

aboriginal dances. When Boncourt had returned from The Beeches on the preceding evening, hot and wearied from the long ride, and exact with the profitlessness of the mis-spent day, it was Dip who had presented himself, clean, spruce, and wonderfully improved in his becoming new clothes, and obtained permission for the personal concection of the half-forgotten, magical mint-julep which had so restored

mint-julep which had so restored his drooping spirits, and revived so many far-away, pleasant recollections.

It was likewise Dip, who had, that very morning, furnished boisterous amusement for some of the earlier guests, mostly fresh young squireens of shallow pates and "horsey" proclivities, have a elegation with the groom in the by an altercation with the groom in the stable-yard, which he had characterized with such gushing, effortless, and original profanity as was a revelation to their

rural intelligence.
And lastly, though not leastly, it was to Dip's suggestion to his new master that the extertainment owed this innovation of the transatlantic minstrel extravagance which was proving such an attractive feature, at least so far as the gentlemen guests were concerned. And there was the youthful prodigy now, calm, alert and smiling, brushed and oiled, irreproachably necktied, and with a great flashing breastpin (borrowed for the occasion from his indulgent master's effects) decorating his spotless shirt-front, and fairly gush-

ing with outlandish merriment and song. Though the affair had been designed as a gentlemen's party, in the main, there were a number of ladies present, rich tradesmen's wives, for the most part, whose presence was owing to a wise forethought of Madame Ronceville's, who had of course been consulted in the matter of invitations. Strange as it may seem, Miss Alworth was included among the

She was about the only well-bred young girl whose acquaintance Adele had thought it worth while to form in the neighborhood as yet; and the latter, moreover, wished to judge for herself as to at by her brother might be taken into account.

As for Gwendoline herself, she would

gladly have remained away; but her father, who accompanied her, had prevailed upon her to accept the invitation. Mr. Marlowe and Mr. Croak were likewise among the guests, the lawyer at Gwendoline's side, and these were grouped at one end of the table, while, clustered about the host and his sister, at the other end, were Noel and his inti mates, chief among whom were Sir H:rry Wilding and Lord Squanderall, latter a profligate young sprig of large estate, and the former somewhat older and of stronger character, though equally

reckless and extravagant. [TO BE CONTINUED. ]

# CUBIOUS FACTS.

The oldest reigning dynasty is that of Japan.

A horned rabbit is the curiosity of the day at Akron, Ohio.

A gum-moistening apparatus for postage stamps is also an invention. There are within the present city

limits of Milwaukee 30,000 lots which are unoccupied. Hay thirty-two years old has been found and is said to be well-preserved, bright and sweet.

A Liberty County (Ga.) man has found oysters growing at the bottom of his sixty-foot well. Indiana's building at the World's

Fair is to be constructed of all building materials found in the State. A resident of Parkers' Ford, Penn. is said to have a ring dove which is twenty-one years old, and has been in

one cage all its life. A large fox tried to steal a goose from barnyard near Butler, Penn., the other day, but the fowl fought so bravely that she killed the would-be thief.

A cow being driven through the streets of Hannibal, Mo., charged on a red coat hanging on a post, entangled her horns in it, gave a bellow and dropped dead. Since it is rumcred that marble mantel-pieces are coming into fashion again. these pieces of interior decoration which have been criticised as vulgar and inartistic are now called "perfectly lovely."

A monument will be erected shortly in Tutlingen, in the Black Forest, to Max Schneckenberger, author of "The Watch on the Rhine." The fund for this purpose is \$9000, and contributions are still on the Rhine." solicited.

The father of shoemaking in this country is said to have been one Abraham Lovering, who came over in the Mayflower, bringing with him a number of pelts to be worked into footwear for the

colonists. A prisoner escaped from the Brownstown (Ind.) jail by cutting a hole through the roof, after which he walked ten miles to his home. Failing to secure a bail bond, he returned to jail. He was not missed by the sheriff, and he reentered by the hole through which he escaped.

While an Indianapolis citizen was riding on a street car in that city the brake handle slipped from the driver's grasp and struck a pistol in the driver's breast the passenger instantly. His wife has recovered \$5000 damages from the car

The humps of camels are mere lumps of fat, and not provided for in the framework of the skeleton. When the animal is in good condition the humps are full and plump. On a long journey where food is scarce the humps are entirely absorbed, the skin covering them hanging over the flank like an empty box.

Two of the seven living ex-Governors of Ohio were born in Kentucky. Ex Governor Charles Anderson was born in 1814 at Louisville, and ex-Governor Richard M. Bishop was born in Fleming County in 1812.

## MAKING MATTING.

A NEW YORKER'S OBSERVA-TIONS IN CHINA.

How Matting is Made-Five Cents a Day for Labor-Protecting Matting From the Pirates.

Mr. Joseph S. Hale went to Canton some time ago as the representative of a Broadway firm of national reputation, and he returned from his trip with a number of interesting stories and some photographs of certain scenes of business life that he witnessed. Mr. Hale's mission was to study the trade in mattings, and a part of his stay in China and Japan was spent in inspecting the districts where matting is obtained.

"Most of the straw from which mattings are made," Mr. Hale said the other day, "is grown in the damp and swampy districts north of Canton. The latter city is the headquarters of the matting trade of China. The straw is of a peculiar kind, and grows nowhere in any



MATTING LOOM.

quantities except in China and Japan. It is three-cornered, and very strong and tough. It grows very rapidly in the wet lands, and usually there are three or four crops harvested in a year. I brought back some living specimens in a flourishing condition, but they won't live long in this country. Life in the districts where the straw is grown is old and picturesque. Every peasant 1s employed in the manufacture of matting, most of which is made in the homes of the workers. There are very few factories where numbers of workmen are gathered together, although the employer of the labor is usually a resident in Canton. Even the children are enlisted in the work. They are usually employed in splitting the straw, which is the first operation after it is harvested. This is necessary because the straw contains considerable sap, which, if allowed to remain in it, would decompose and rot

"In my journey through the country, Stopping here and there to inspect the work, I was constantly stumbling over little Chinese youngsters gravely occupied with sharp knives in splitting the long straws. These Chinese children are constantly at work, and acquire at a very early age the knack required properly to cut the straw. The novice cannot do this, as it requires great care to prevent the straw from being cut too much. The moon-eyed children seem to have very little curiosity, and looked upon me with very little wonderment. After the straw had been split in this way, and the sap had been removed, the straw is dried or cured in the same way that an American farmer cures his hay. It is then very tough and strong. The colors in the mattings, which have of late years elicited so much admiration because of their beauty and varied shades, are obtained in a very simple and primitive way. Large pots of earthenware are filled with the dyes, in the composition of which both minerals and vegetables are employed. The former make much more satisfactory and lasting dyes, and are rapidly supplanting the latter altogether. When the dyes are ready the straws are taken and soaked in them. It frequently happens in the finer mattings that the same straws have different colors. One end may be blue, the centre red, and the other end black. This is done by soaking the different parts of the straw in different dyes. But the same primitive



SORTING THE STRAW. and simple methods are followed in all

cases. After being dyel the straws are taken out and spread in the sun to dry. "There are different grades of matting, as of everything else, and one of the important features of making mattings is to get all the straws of a kind together. This sorting process requires more than ordinary intelligence, and usually has to be done under the supervision of an expert. The loom on which matting is usually made is two yards long and one yard wide. The warp is either of jute or cotton. In weaving ordinary matting two men usually are employed. One handles the straw and the other keeps it pocket. A bullet from the weapon killed even and in place. The straws are put in one at a time through a long hollow stick with a slit through the lower surface. The straw being too limber to stand the strain of being thrust through the warp, it is put into this stick, and the latter is forced through the warp strings. When it is in place the stick is twisted around so that the slit is at the bottom and the straw drops out. The other workman, who has a heavy beam in his hand somewhat wider than the loom, forces down the straws so that there are no spaces between them." In the illustration of the weaving,

which is reproduced here from a photograph taken by Mr. Hale, the Chinaman sitting down at the right has been chopping up sappan wood into chips. These, when boiled, produce the red dye used

in matting. "It is necessary while working the straw to have it wet," Mr. Hale continued, "so that it can be properly manipulated. After the matting is finished it is spread out on the grass to dry, the back of the matting being turned up to the sun. This drying process accounts for the fact that the under surface of the matting always appears yellow and faded as compared with the upper surface, which is not exposed to the heat. Sometimes, after the matting has been woven and dried, the straws shrink, leaving open spaces. These are closed up by what is called the palming process, in which the straws are crowded togethe. so as to make a solid, even surface.

"In making what is called damask matting, it is necessary to manipulate the warp string so as to drop certain colors at intervals. Practically the same process is observed in making cloths in Europe and America, where color effects are introduced at certain intervals by throwing a shuttle containing the colored yarns in between the warp strings at different points. In cloths these are known as jacquard spots, from the name of the loom used in producing them. This loom, which was invented by a French weaver, has been one of the most important factors in the production of highclass material. Although it is worked by steam and is of the most complicated and intricate nature, the principles upon which it proceeds are much the same as those used in the hand loom of the Chinese matting weavers. In the weaving of damask matting a Chinaman stands on the top of the loom. He does what the mechanical contrivance in the Jacquard loom also performs; that is, he manipulates the warp strings, compressing them or lifting them, as is required to bring out the damask effects.

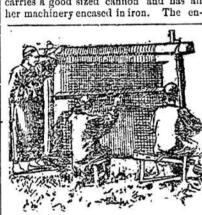
"The Chinese laborer considers himself fortunate when he makes five cents a day after hard work at the loom or in the field. For miles and miles through the matting districts the Chinamen can be seen engaged in one part of the manufacture or another. The agents of the manufacturers are constantly busy supervising the work. Everywhere matting in various stages of manufacture can be seen, and in some districts much of the scenery is hidden by the quantities of matting spread out over the ground and hung from the trees and houses, waiting the time for shipment to Canton. Wet weather always brings hard times to the matting districts, because the work is then greatly retarded, and instead of being able to dry the mattings in the sun, this part of the manufacture has to be carried on indoors, where large wood ares are built under the thatched roofs



PALMING THE MATTING.

and the matting is hung up around it to dry. When the matting is all ready, it is sent to the manufacturer at Canton, who examines it, and puts it up in rolls of about forty yards each. It is then packed in cheap straw wrappings which

are sewed up around it. "One of the most interesting features of the matting trade in China is the shipment of the matting from Canton to Hong Kong. Hong Kong is the port whence all the Chinese matting is exported. The matting is sent down the river in the curious river steamboats, and the manufacturer at Canton never knows until his steamboat returns whether his cargo has safely arrived at its destination or not. The river is infested with pirates, who every now and then swoop down on the steamers, slaughtering the crew and stealing the cargo. Because of this every steamboat is a floating arsenal. She carries a good sized cannon and has all



gine room is also protected by iron plate, and the engineer works with a brace of revolvers and a cutlass at his sid . Officers relieve each other in standing guard at the engine room, always armed with loaded Winchesters. In the saloon is a large assortment of firearms, including a Winchester for every man aboard, and a cutlass hangs over every berth. men all go armed, and vigilant guard is kept at all times. It's impossible to tell when the pirates may appear. Their vessels can never guished from the ordinary river craft. Every now and then an innocent looking steamboat will suddenly reveal a concealed battery, and a lot of bloodthirsty Chinamen will appear as the pirate crashes into the merchant vessel. An attack of this kind usually mean a good deal of slaughter among the crew, be cause the pirates are merciless and accustomed to this sort of warfare and have the advantage of the merchantman. The attacked vessel has little to hope for from outside assistance, and, if her crew is not strong enough to beat off the pirates, the result is the slavery or death of every person on board and the pillage of the cargo. The fact that these attacks are usually made at night make them all the more terrible. Somehow the Government seems unable to suppress the pirates, who, after plundering and sinking a vessel, coolly sail past Hong

Kong and dispose of their plunder at the

first opportunity. "When the matting arrives at Hong Kong it is transferred to some of the harbor junks, which carry it out to the vessels waiting for it. All the matting brought to this country is brought in American sailing vessels, and most of it comes directly to this harbor. Usually & trip takes from three to four months. These vessels also have to combat the pirates once in a while, and all of them carry guns for defence."-New York

### A Little Cart That Carries Billions.

More money has been carried in a small hand-cart that is trundled daily along Wall street than any vehicle, big or little, that travels on wheels anywhere in the world, It is the Government Treasury cart, and it has been traveling to and fro between the Custom House and Sub-Treasury every business day for the

past thirty years. In it are conveyed all the money re-ceived at the Custom House as impost duties. Assistant Auditor Josiah M. Knapp gives statistics showing the amount of money that has been carried



The largest sum in one day was \$2,308,000, on August 1, 1872, when there was an increase in the payment of duties because of a change in the tariff. The total sum it took last year to the Treasury was \$154,000,000, and in the thirty years it has been rolling through Wall street it has been the receptacle of many billions. The body is a foot and a half square

and rests on two heavy wheels. The box is dark blue with red lines running along the edges, and on the panels appears the monogram "U. S." Heavy iron plates clamp the sides and ends. One end opens on hinges and permits the sliding of the lid, which is fitted in a groove. The customs receipts are made up

once every day, and sometimes more frequently, in the cashier's office of the Custom House and packed in strong oblong wooden chests, which are then padlocked and sealed. These boxes ar conveyed on the shoulders of porters to the hand-cart in waiting. After they are safely deposited the lid

of the cart is closed and padlocked and the treasure-laden vehicle is shoved by stalwart Government employes to the Sub-Treasury. Its usual route is along William and Pine streets to the Sub-Treasury. There it is unlocked and the boxes removed to the cashier's office and opened and the contents counted and triplicate receipts for the same given to the collector's messenger. In all the long years that the wagon has made the daily trips to the Sub-Treasury no attempt has been made to rob it nor has any money been missed.

Once a three-thousand-dollar gold certificate was missed, but was afterward discovered in a draw in the cashier's office in which it had been mislaid. Customs officers, who are armed, accompany the wagon and watch the money boxes from the time they leave the Custom House until they arrive safe in the cashier's room in the Sub-Treasury. They are not lost sight of any part of the way .- New York Recorder.

Our First Iron Article of Native Ore.

The accompanying cut, reproduced from Iron in All Ages, is from a photograph obtained by Mr. C. M. Tracy in 1890, and it depicts the first iron article made from native ore in America.



THE FIRST AMERICAN IRON POT. The Bulletin tells that this unique kettle was cast in Lynn, Mass., in 1645. and is still preserved by Lewellyn and Arthur Lewis, residing at Etna place. The pot weighs two pounds thirteen ounces, capacity, nearly a quart; inside measurement, 4 1-5 inches wide by 41-5

inches deep. Where It Was Coolest.



He-"Getting cool outside now, ain't

She-"Yes; but you would find it cooler inside. Ma and pa are there."-Fushion Buzar.

Harvard University has 365,000 bound volumes in its library; Yale has 200,000; Cornell, 150,000; Columbia, 90,000; Syracuse, 75,000; Dartmouth, 68,500; Lehigh, 67,000; Brown, 66,000; Princeton, 80,000; Union, 60,000; Bowdoin, 84,000; University of Virginia, 40,000.